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DISPOSSESSED.

MOVING-DAY IN CUBA.

Judge

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK
AT THE JUDGE BUILDING.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

UNITED STATES AND CANADA IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers - $5.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers - 2.50
One copy, for thirteen weeks - - - 1.25
Including the CHRISTMAS JUDGE.

FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS—To all foreign countries in the postal union, $6.00 a year.

Corner Fifth Avenue and Sixteenth Street, New York.

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THE SPANISH FLAG—Skull and cross-bones.

* * *

WE JUDGE from the voluminous talk of the rainy-day club that it never rains but it pours.

* * *

THE SAFETY of the battle-ship Texas demands that the Atlantic ocean shall be immediately enlarged.

* * *

IT IS LIKELY that those persons who call McKinley a coward did all their fighting at home when he was at the front.

* * *

IS THERE any American who would have peace without honor? Then he is not an American—he is a coward and he has no country.

* * *

SOROSIS discusses such questions as "contemporaneous thought as a formative element in literature," "the nature of realism," etc., and buys headache powders by the bushel.

* * *

OUR MR. CROKER will do his part of the fighting with Spain on the racing-grounds of England; but as to his struggle with Hill he will leave orders and fight by substitute.

* * *

SAGASTA SAYS he has done everything possible to satisfy the Cubans, and we must say that no complaint is made by the four hundred thousand who have starved to death.

* * *

ALFRED AUSTIN writes pretty good verse, but Uncle Sam cannot throw his arms around John Bull and weep just at this time. Not that he doesn't want to do so, but he's mighty busy.

* * *

"THE WOMAN who swoons has passed out," says a lady. We have long had a feeling of respect for the woman who indulges in the good, old-fashioned faint and no fuss or airs about it.

* * *

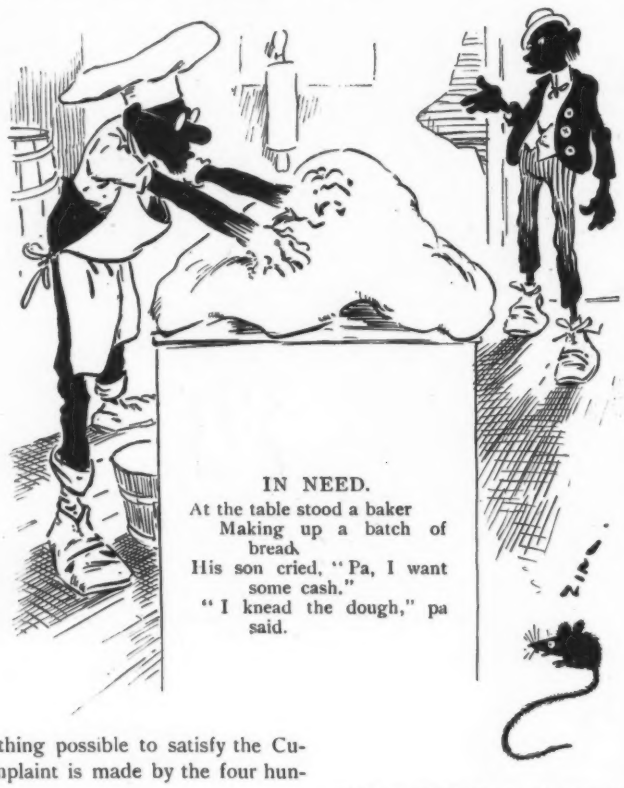
THEY TELL of a rain of sulphur in Kentucky. The ground was covered with it, and it burned and smelled like sulphur. So the open fight between the free-silver and the sound-money Democracy is on, is it?

* * *

CHRISTINA says pathetically that she has no husband to advise her now. It may be unfortunate for her, personally; but the enforced absence of the feeble young man has been thought to be a rather good thing for the Spanish people.

* * *

THE DETROIT WOMAN who offered to flip a cent with her husband to see whether the two should separate has the right idea. Why the cost and scandal of such cases in court when the simple separation is the one thing desired? Legality? Well, did any divorced parties ever have any respect for that?



IN NEED.

At the table stood a baker
Making up a batch of bread.
His son cried, "Pa, I want some cash."
"I knead the dough," pa said.

EMANCIPATION.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN emancipated the blacks. President McKinley wants the emancipation of the Cubans and puts his foot on the barbarism that starves non-combatants and has no respect for innocence and virtue.

THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.

NO NORTH OR SOUTH, no east or west, no parties or half parties; but the union a unit for free Cuba and the Monroe doctrine in its broadest sense. No more wholesale starvation, no more white slavery, no more foreign governmental control of anything or anybody on this continent.

A SHORT-LIVED SHEET.

A POPULIST NEWSPAPER is contemplated in Chicago which will have one hundred editors. That's too many. One populist is equal to a page every day, and most of the others will have nothing to do but tear out one another's whiskers and howl at the editor-in-chief. The paper will live about three days and will then be gutted by the editorial staff.

PRAYER AS A WAR-WEAPON.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *Press* believes that if the clergy united in prayer to that end God would sink every Spanish war-vessel. It is well to have faith, but it is safer to keep your powder dry. Suppose, for instance, the Spanish should pray the Almighty to sink all of our navy? Why would not the efficacy of supplication be as great in one case as in the other?

THEIR NEW AMBITIONS.

THE THIRTY-ONE WOMEN who want to marry General Cassius M. Clay have no respect for the divorce laws and are indifferent to the terrors of old age. One can have more respect for the thousands of women who want to go to war on horseback, though they are tough enough. But as to the courage of the sex there can be no doubt. There is nothing they do not dare to do until they are generously given the opportunity.

WEDDING-GIFTS.

A MAN in this town gave his girl two brand-new front teeth as a wedding-gift; "to fill up the gap," as he expressed it. Directly the two separated, and then, on the highway, he tried to pluck the teeth from the gap, and the magistrate before whom he was taken fined him ten dollars for it. The proprieties of life ought to be respected. Only a stingy man would have limited his generosity to two teeth. He should have given her a full set, a wig, and a cork leg.

SOME WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

"THE CONDITION of women," says a Sorosister, "has changed from that of a slave or a plaything to that of a companion for man." More than that, sister. The woman is his rival in business and in ordinary work, and she frequently deprives him of work that he needs in order to live and support his family. That, however, is no crime. Fair play demands equal chances, and she has as much right to life and labor as he has. And as to her companionship there is none better, if as good.

GIVE AND TAKE.

W. S. GILBERT wanted five thousand dollars as damages because a London paper said he was given to pomposity, envy and ingratitude, and the jury disagreed. Mr. Gilbert satirizes men, women and ideas rather more than any other man, and it is not reasonable that he should be sensitive to that sort of thing as applied to himself. It reminds one of the generous lad who said to his companion, "Let us play. I will hit you with a club and you will back up against the fence and cry." The suggestion that those who give should be willing to take would evidently come to Mr. Gilbert as a new proposition.

NOTHING SPANISH WANTED.

CAPTAIN—"Say, Jimmy; how much ammunition has de gang got?"

JIMMY (*lieutenant*)—"About t'ree rounds o' stones an' one o' pertaters."

CAPTAIN—"Den let de gang foller me to de dago's roun' de corner. He's got a box o' Spanish onions, an' I'm ter slug him eight times 'fore youse kin biff him an' make him a pris'ner uv war."

IS HE FOR RENT?

IN TRUTH I have sufficient cause
To sadly rue the day;
She moved into another heart
Upon the first of May.

IT NEVER HELPED HIM.

Landlady (at breakfast-table)—"It is only this morning that I read about the efficacy of the hot-water cure."

Boarder (looking suspiciously at his coffee)—"Well, I've taken it three years and I know it never helped me any."

A NEW OCCUPATION.

Beth (watching a robin build its nest in a tree near the window)—"Oh, mamma, here's a little bird crocheting a work-basket!"

SELF-CONVICTED.

WESTERN PARSON—"You say there is absolute evidence that you shot Prairie Mike, yet no one saw you shoot him?"

ZEBE ZARLEY (*sadly, from the calaboose*)—"Ya-as, parson; I absent-mindedly shot my monogram inter him, an' they hain't no other initials like mine in ther hull blame gulch ter leave enny doubt."

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

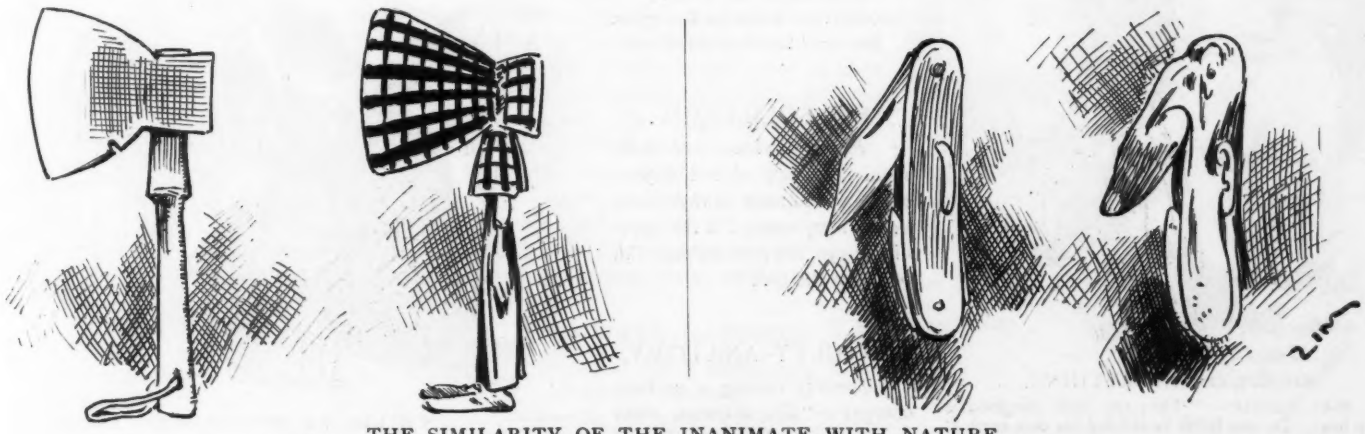
"MONEY makes the man," proudly exclaimed the millionaire, as he was saluted by high and low while riding down the street.

"Man makes the money," chuckled the counterfeiter, as he successfully passed another spurious five-dollar bill on the unsuspecting shop-keeper.

TWO SIDES.

Mrs. Call—"It's too bad of you, Ethel, to worry your mamma so."

Ethel (aged five, tearfully)—"Oh, well, Mrs. Call, if you'd lived with mamma as long as I have you'd know which of us was to blame."



THE SIMILARITY OF THE INANIMATE WITH NATURE.

The hatchet-face. The jackknife.

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

ALICE NEILSON IN "ROBIN HOOD."

Alice, where art thou? Once more
A Bostonian? Well, you don't look it.
Take your old place, as of yore—
As none but yourself ever took it.
"Serenaders" will boom as before,
And the syndicate, maybe, will book it.

EVIDENTLY THE HOME TEAM.

PATSY—"Which side is at de bat, Chimmie?"

JIMMIE—"Why, didn't yer hear de bleachers yell 'rubber-neck' at de umpire when he jest called three strikes? It's our side, uv course."

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR.

Sappington—"I once came within an ace of making five hundred dollars."

DeQuincy—"How so?"

Sappington—"It was a game of poker; what I needed was the ace of diamonds."

A BOOM IN REAL ESTATE.

Dumley—"How much do you ask for that piece of land?"

Robinson—"I sell it to you for a mere song."

Dumley—"To the tune of—?"

Robinson—"Five thousand dollars."

Dumley—"Oh! one of Melba's songs."

UNDOUBTEDLY.

BYKING BRANIGAN—"Now, ef I only hed eyes in de back uv me head, an' didn't hev ter work dese pedals, I really believe dat between meals I'd enjoy a wheel."

SHORT ON EVERYTHING.

MRS. BANGLE—"They say Jack Stockson is very low. Do you think he is long for this earth?"

MR. BANGLE—"No; and he is short on futures too."

HER WAY.

THAT she's doubtless very idle
I will wager you a dime;
For, with form so like an hour-glass,
She must have a waist of time.

HIS SOLILOQUY.

Bennie (whose wee baby sister has lately arrived, dejectedly)—"Mamma always said, before baby came, I 's the apple of her eye, but now I s'pose I'm only just the core."

A FAULTY ANATOMY.

Dorothy (eating a seedless orange)—"Oh, mamma, what do you think! Here's an orange born without any bones in it."

CHILDLIKE INNOCENCE.

LITTLE DOROTHY (*at the circus*)—"Oh, mamma! Does the camels get those humps on their backs from riding bicycles?"

A FOOTNOTE TO SCIENCE.

THE primeval man was sitting at the mouth of his cave, suffering from ennui. He had nothing to occupy his mind, and was casting about for something to help him pass the time. Unlike his remote descendants, who are said to live in New Jersey, but are chiefly found in the pages of the comic papers and in country plays written by men who live in the borough of Brooklyn, he was unable to pass his time in whittling, for pot-metal knives were not yet invented.

Presently he picked up a piece of old sandstone with which he had attempted to brain a neolithic neighbor on the previous evening, and to his great surprise noticed that it had a dent in it. It was evidently softer than the neighbor's head, and with a grunt that bespoke aroused interest he reached into his exceedingly primitive pocket for a spare flint arrow-head. In a few minutes he was chipping away at the soft sandstone and whistling the air of a troglodytic ditty that had been made popular by a company of cave-stormers who had passed that way some moons before.

Presently his faithful wife returned with an armful of passé shell-fish that had been cast up on the beach by the last storm. He threw away the piece of sandstone and stalked into his dripping dining-room.

Three million five hundred and six thousand eight hundred and twelve years later that piece of chipped sandstone was picked up by a deep-browed savant. He placed it in the national museum and wrote a book about it, proving that it was a pagan idol—a fetich—and devoted three hundred and sixty-two pages to speculating on the rites and customs that probably accompanied its worship.

Such is modern learning.

P. MCARTHUR.

AT THE SHORE.

MRS. NEWLYWED (*disconsolately*)—"Oh, dear! I do wish my husband would come down and spend a week or two with me; but he writes that he can't possibly get away."

MRS WEDSOMETIME—"Hum! Just write and tell him to send down the tandem at once. I'll warrant *that* will fetch him."

BLIND DRUNK.

BEGGAR (*through force of circumstances*)—"Here, take my dog. You're more blind nor I am."

HIS QUESTION.

"PA," BEGAN little Clarence after a short season of silence, "a Chinaman"——

"Yes, my son," broke in Mr. Callipers hastily; "a Chinaman does many things which seem to us to be very peculiar. For instance, he begins at the bottom of the column and reads upward, and at the back of a book and reads toward the front. He writes with a paint-brush, wears his shirt outside of his trousers, and mounts a horse from the right side instead of the left. His surname comes first and is followed by his given name, and—er—ah—he has many other traits just as odd."

"Yes, I know, pa; but what I was going to ask you was, isn't it easier for a camel to get through the eye of a needle than for a Chinaman to get through his need for an idol?"

'TWAS HIS VERY FIRST CIGAR.

"Say! doan' yo' buy no cigahs at dat store. I dun bought a ten-cent cigah dere yistidy an' it mos' killed me 'fo' I got frough wid it."

IT ALWAYS HAPPENS.

THE first of May is moving-day;
Of that I'm well aware,
Because my wife is moved to tears
And I am moved to swear.

SLANG TERM.

A Dutch loafer.

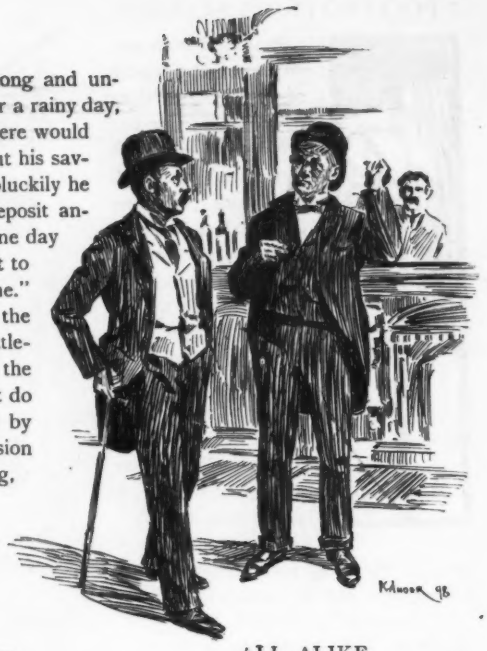
JUDGE'S FABLES.

THE LAME MAN.

THERE was once a lame man who was very poor. Long and unceasingly had he struggled to lay by a few dollars for a rainy day, but invariably when he had got a surplus in bank there would come rain for a month, thus forcing him to draw out his savings, and to even borrow more from friends; but pluckily he would start again hoarding, and in course of time deposit another wad in bank—then the bank would go up. One day an idea struck him. "Ha!" he cried; "war is about to be declared. I will make my lameness yet serve me." War was declared, and by volunteering he evaded the medical examiner and was soon en route for the battlefield, chuckling gleefully, "I won't do a thing to the government pension-bureau when I return. I won't do a thing but swear that my lameness was caused by arduous service, thereby getting a fat quarterly pension from Uncle Sam." And his merriment waxed strong, and was with him until his first experience under fire, when a horrible thought came over him. "Suppose that I were to be hit?" he groaned. "I hadn't thought of that." The next moment the order was given to retreat, and although the lame man kept up with his general's white horse for some distance his lame leg finally gave out; and as he felt a machete disconnecting his cervical vertebræ he realized that for getting it in the neck he was fated, and died as a game-(legged) man only could.

Moral—If you think of any bright schemes that are not strictly on the level—forget 'em.

W. R. COOK.



ALL ALIKE.

"Shockingly unprincipled lot, those bar-tenders. One of them passed a bad quarter on me a week ago, confound him! and I have not been able to get rid of it yet."

AN EMERGENCY CASE.

HE COASTED blithely on the hill,
When right across his track,
A harbinger of coming ill,
He saw the little tack
That sent him flying as he took
A header to the feet
Of her he loved, whose scornful look
He hardly cared to meet.

Yet quiet in the dust he lay
To watch her rising frown;
Then coolly said, "Is *this* the way
You throw a fellow down?"

HELEN CHAUNCEY.

CHOPPING HIM OFF.

Soiled Spooner (sentimentally)—"Me poor old mudder ain't seen me face fer twenty years, an'"——

Mrs. Flint (sarcastically)—"Well, why don't you wash it?"

WHAT CONVERTED HIM.

DEACON PRIMROSE—"So Jonas Bigtalk has bin baptized an' jined de Baptist chu'ch? Why, he used toe be one ob de biggest infidels I ebah knew."

DEACON TULIP—"Yais; he wuz till he found out he had heart-disease."

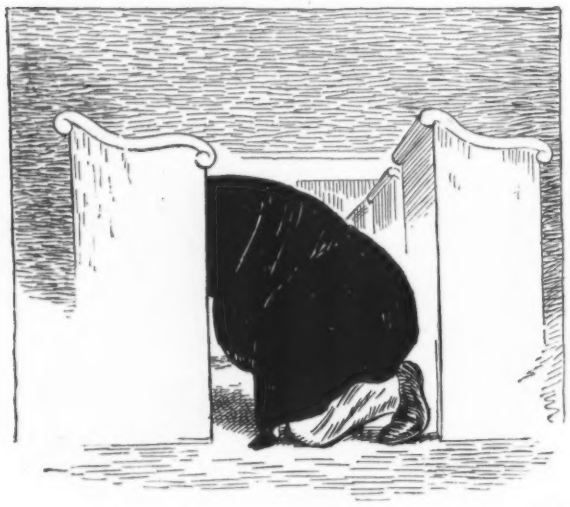
A SONG OF THE SEASON.

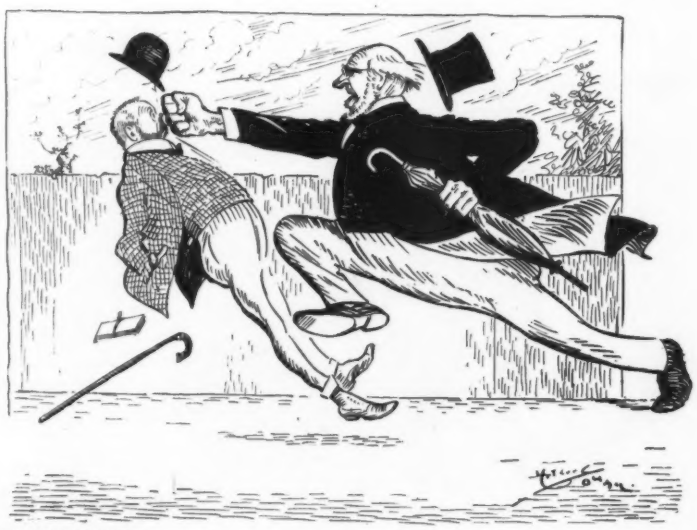
SING a song of the first of May,
Ruffled tempers and loaded van;
Everything jumbled and stowed away,
Suiting the whim of the mover-man.
Stove-pipes sooty and bent and jammed,
Carpets reeking with stifling dust;
Just three things doth the song demand—
Perseverance and hope and trust.

Sing, ye scoffers, of luck and fate!
Swell the chorus, nor pause to curse!
Bad as it seems, it is well to state
Naught is so bad but it might be worse.
Misery chuckleth in company.
Watch your neighbor a while, I pray;
He's as restless as you, you see—
Sing a song of the first of May.

Leaving the comforts and joys of home,
Lowly cottage enshrined in love,
Restless nomad, you yearly roam,
Fly to the ills that you know not of.
Some poor mortal of sense bereft
Moved from this house where you go to-day.
Maybe he'll move in the house you left—
Sing a song of the first of May.

ROY FARRELL GREENE.





THERE IS A DIFFERENCE.

This man in prayer can call himself all sorts of names, such as "hypocrite," "wicked," "miserable sinner," etc.——

——but let another man call him a harsh name, he feels justified in "knocking him into the middle of next week."

SYNONYMOUS.

SMITH—"Yes, Jones; I'm going fishing. Won't you go along?"

JONES—"No; thanks, old fellow. I ain't drinkin' now."

A SPRING TRAGEDY.

A GIRL in a gray gown wanders through the shadowy sunshine of an April day.

There is hesitation in her step, but resolve is in her clear and steadfast eye.

A brawny-armed laborer is digging, digging.

The hard clods of earth fall with dull thuds on the soft spring grass.

The fair maid pauses and looks into the yawning gulf he has made.

"You are digging that for me?" she says slowly.

"Yes, lady," answers the man as he bends again to his work.

"Dig it deep and wide and long," she says; and her voice is like the wail of an æolian harp.

"Yes, lady," answers the man with a pitying glance at the fragile girl.

How young and fair she is! How pink her rose-leaf cheek!

She looks down into the gaping chasm and sees a tiny worm wriggling there. She shivers.

"Dig it deeper," she commands with a strange vehemence; and she mutters to herself as she grasps convulsively in her hand a tiny white packet, "To-morrow I shall fill it."

Again she looks at the dug depths.

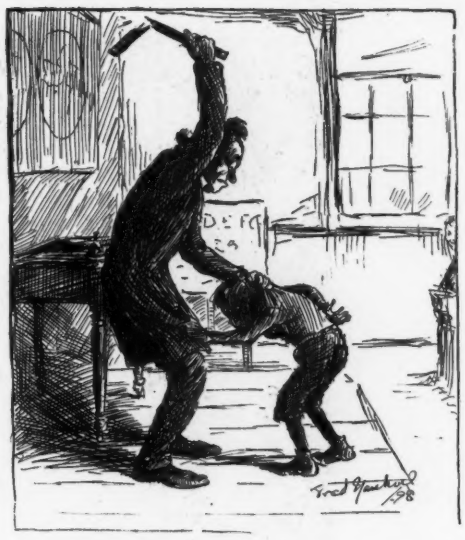
"To think!" she muses, and a sad smile curves her lips, "in a few months the grass will grow again and the bright flowers, like butterflies, will hover above it."

And with one last look at the moist, brown earth she turns and walks slowly away.

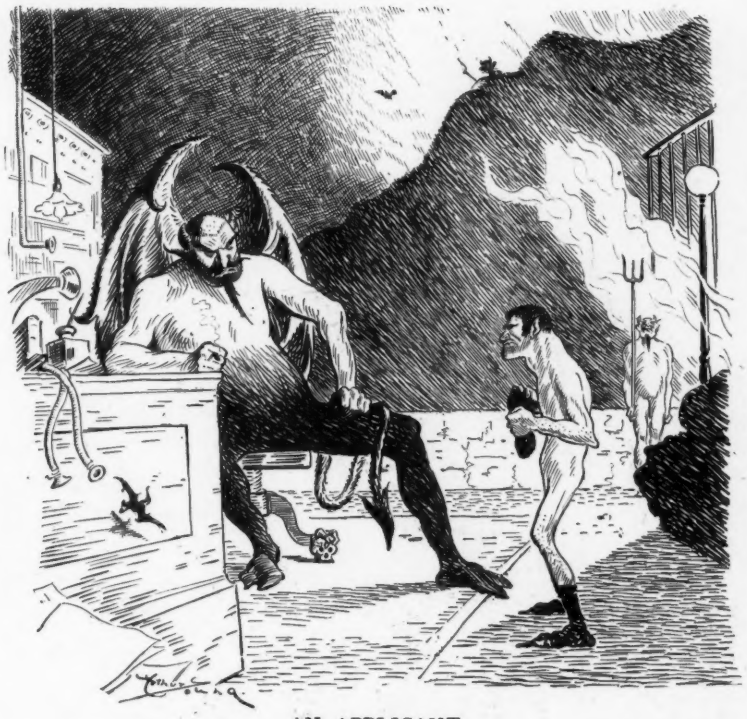
"Yes," she says to herself, "I am sure I am right. Though others may try to persuade me to a different course, I am sure that is the best way to plant sweet-peas."

CAROLYN WELLS.

WHY are agreeable men so mean and good men so disagreeable?



Johnny having broken a rule, the teacher breaks a rule also.



AN APPLICANT.

SATAN—"You want a job as overseer in the torture department, eh? Do you know that it takes an experienced hand—one who has the instincts of a brute and is proof against human suffering? How am I to know that you would discharge the duties of such a position faithfully?"

SHADE—"Well, your highness, I'm a Spaniard, and"—— (*He gets the position.*)

A RHYME FOR MOVING-DAY.

OF ALL the nightmares ever dreamed
Since Adam's life began,
This nightmare of a moving-day
Is quite the worst—to man.

Wild chaos reigns. If out of *this*
My wife can order bring
I swear I'll never move again—
No, *never*—till next spring.

JUDITH SPENCER.

THE NEXT THING.

Young Mrs. McBride (at the telephone)—"Hello! Is that Dr. Doce? Well, I wish you'd come and see baby right away—she has the croup. But stop a minute. Do you give trading-stamps?"

AT THE RECEPTION.

Mrs. Sharpe—"Excuse me, Mrs. Uppby; but your—your"——

Mrs. Uppby (who has on one of her husband's neckties)—"Oh, what is it? Is anything wrong with me?"

Mrs. Sharpe—"Yes; I believe your—your belt has got up around your neck."

THE WESTERN METHOD.

CITY NEPHEW—"Ring the bell, Uncle Cal; this is our corner."

CATAMOUNT CAL (*just in from the west*)—"Sartinly!"

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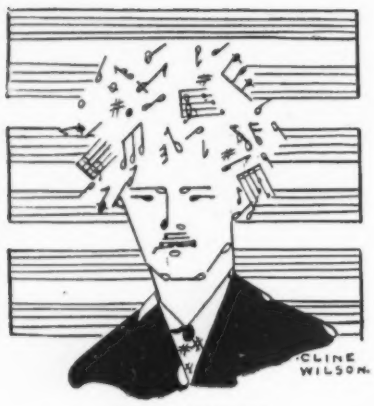
THE SHADO

UNCLE SAM—"Well, we

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho. & Ptg. Co. New York.

HADO FOOLED HIM.
Well, we *this* all I've got to fight?"



A NOTED COMPOSER.

SPRING.

(After Meleager—some 1902 years.)

AT LAST the snow fast by the wall,
Where longest it inspired my pen,
Has sloped, and daffodillies tall
Nod like shock-headed little men
Upon the bank above my den.
The street-piano makes its call
Each morning, and to hut and hall
That tired feeling 's come again.

But now the efficacy 's spent
Of tonics, nor will treacle blent
Wisely with brimstone oust the de'il.
He yields to this, and this alone—
(A case in point egad 's my own !)
The sorcery that's in a wheel.

EDWARD W. BARNARD.

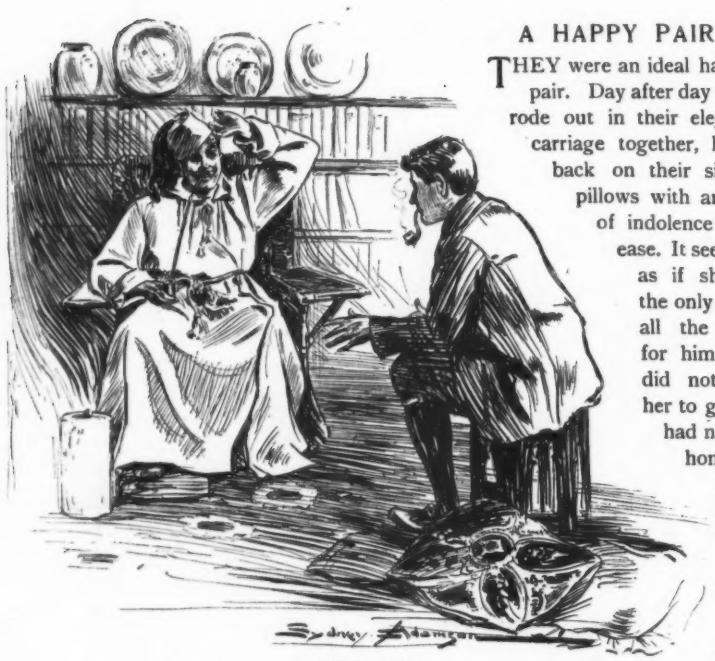
"WHERE THERE'S A WILL," ETC.

Obadiah Pealeaf's romantic sweetheart had declared she would not have a beau who could not serenade her. Our hero had no singing-voice; but that fact didn't worry him, for he borrowed a phonograph and serenaded himself into her everlasting affections.

A HAPPY PAIR.

THEY were an ideal happy pair. Day after day they rode out in their elegant carriage together, lying back on their silken pillows with an air of indolence and ease. It seemed as if she was the only girl in all the world for him. He did not leave her to go to clubs, political dinners, or horse-races. No, indeed; the time for that had not come yet. She was his constant companion and the sunshine of their home. Although a girl of the period, she did not believe in attending emancipated women's societies. And she had not reached the wheel craze yet; and as for bloomers, if compelled to don them her voice would be raised in loud and angry protest. Her mother lived with them in their elegant home and he treated her with deference and regard, for to him she was as his own mother. But there was some disturbing element at work, for to-day as they took their usual ride through the park they did not look quite so happy, and she certainly acted as if she were going to turn out to be a tyrant, for her voice was raised to an unusually high pitch and her sweet little face wore a look of anger and disgust, and he seemed equally annoyed. But their faces were wreathed in smiles a moment later as one of their best friends stopped their carriage, and their argument ceased as their nurse gave to each—a little boy and girl, twin babies—their bottle of milk, and all was peaceful and serene again as they were wheeled through the park in their baby-carriage.

RAE LEAVEY.



A GOOD AIM.

CALLOWBOY—"I like to see a woman with some aim in life. Has your wife any aim ?"

PENSTOCK—"You bet your life ; just see where she hit me with a plate."

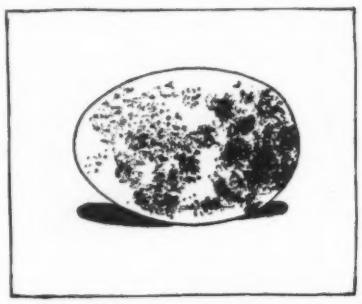
A SPRING PASTORAL.

THE balm of spring is in the air,
The grass is green in clumps ;
Our goods are in the moving van,
And we are in the dumps.

UNWILLING TO GIVE EVIDENCE.

Mamma —"Did you see Willie take my blackberry jam, Margaret ?"

Margaret (whose mouth shows evidence of her having received some of it)—"I think, mamma, I must be like some of the folks in the bible that have eyes and see not."



Blackbird's egg drawn from an egg-bound blackbird from plate secured by X-ray photograph.

ENTITLED TO CREDIT.

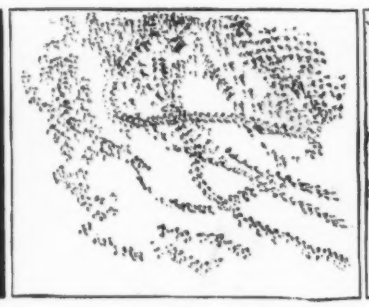
Jasper—"Whenever a great man dies Longhair writes a poem about him."

Jumpuppe —"Well, I must commend his consideration in not writing it before the great man dies."

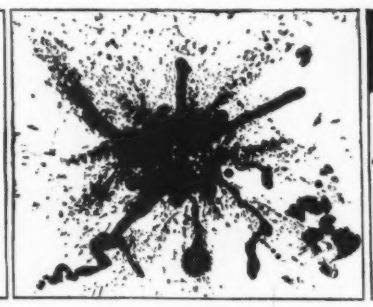
PLENTY OF OPPORTUNITY.

Tommy (riding through a barley-field)—"Papa, are those hairs on the barley-heads what sometimes get into our bread ?"

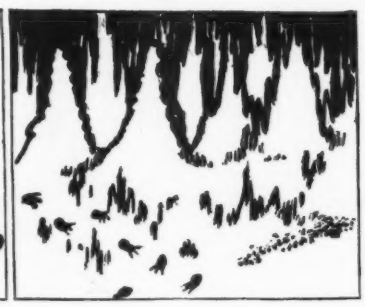
Real Egyptian darkness secured by secret system of photography and re-drawn by our own special artist.



How snow-flakes look to the naked eye at a distance of five miles from the JUDGE roof.



Snap-shot of a solid shot striking a mud-bank near Havana harbor.



Polar view secured by our artist while in Poland.

THE NEWSPAPERS OUTDONE!

(A few instantaneous photographs taken by our own special photographer and re-drawn by our own special artist from a new system of photography discovered by our own special discoverer)

THE CIGARETTE—A PARADOX.

IF the remark is hazarded in these columns "The cigarette has been a 'butt' long enough" it is almost certain to be misunderstood.

This is the penalty of wearing cap-and-bells. There are, however, historical examples of jesters who combined wisdom with wit. And they were listened to, when they spoke seriously, with the more attention by reason of the contrast.

Melodies are never so entrancing as when they succeed discord. Dr. Holmes says, more rhythmically but less poetically,

> "Silence like a poultice came
> To heal the wounds of sound."

The cigarette has been a joke, but by a paradox it has also been held up as a deadly menace to health, to reason, and to life itself. As manufactured by some fantastic minds, a cigarette is a compound of opium, arsenic, cocaine, hasheesh, and other weird medicaments, more deadly and more varied than were known even to Medea herself. The effect of smoking tobacco in this form was either to expose the user to the taunts and jibes of being a dude, or to the warning that persistence in the habit would lead to madness and death. "Crazed by 'Coffin-nails'" has a familiar sound as a head-line, and "Puffed Life Away with 'Paper Pipes'" lingers with an alliterative echo in the memory.

Now what are the facts? Doffing cap-and-bells and speaking seriously, this is the truth: Cigarettes manufactured in America are made of "bright Virginia" tobacco, about one-twenty-sixth of an ounce to each "piece." This innocent filler is wrapped in the purest paper, each wrapper weighing one-seven-hundredth of an ounce.

Their effect is just that of other mild tobacco; they do not cause madness; they never caused death.

How is it possible thus daringly to fly in the face of the sentiments of a large part of the respectable, intelligent community? Simply because a smaller part of the community, equally respectable, but more intelligent as far as this subject goes, says with unanimity just what has been said above.

This whole subject is entertainingly and convincingly set forth in a little pamphlet just published, with the modest title, "The Truth About Cigarettes."

In this brochure are to be found the results of any number of analyses made personally by chemists of world-wide reputation and committed by them to reports official and otherwise.

The reports agree. No one of the chemists ever found even a trace of the deleterious ingredients vulgarly supposed to be in a cigarette.

On the subject of insanity there are even a greater number of authorities quoted, and they agree. One observer, the superintendent of the Iowa state hospital for the insane, makes his report after examining 28,081 cases.

That sounds like thoroughness! Since the publication of these papers, which were read before the Medico-Legal Society, of New York, Deputy-Coroner Edward J. Donlin, of New York, has written, saying, "I have made thousands of autopsies and I do not recall a case where death could be directly charged to cigarette-smoking."

Professor J. W. Mallet, of the University of Virginia, says, by the way, that "stories of dangerous adulterants" are nothing more nor less than "sensational." Professor Willis G. Tucker, analyst of the New York state board of health, also uses the word "sensational." He applies it to statements that cigarettes are made of dirty refuse. In other words, after reading the evidence it seems to be possible to make a "butt" out of the cigarette, but wholly impossible to make cigarettes out of the "butts."

The revelations in this little book give the cigarette a clean bill of health and restore it to a proper place in respectable Nicotine society.

SHAMPOOING

is made delightfully refreshing, and a real luxury, by the use of

Packer's Tar Soap.

Its known purity, excellent cleansing, invigorating and antiseptic properties have secured for this soap the highest commendation of physicians and hair-dressers for cleansing and preserving the hair, and for use in treatment of dandruff and baldness.

On a Yacht

In a gale just as well as a calm

The Always Ready Ale.

NO SEDIMENT—THAT'S WHY.

SEN-SEN THROAT EASE and BREATH PERFUME
Good for Young and Old.
At all dealers or sent on receipt of 5 cents in stamps. SEN-SEN CO. DEPT. J ROCHESTER, N.Y.

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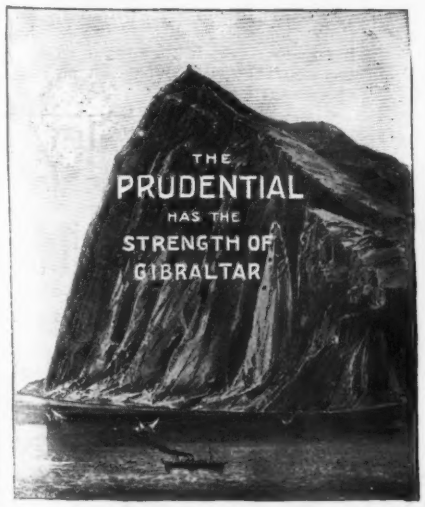

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JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.

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STOP SMOKING!

It rests with you whether you continue the nerve-killing tobacco habit. NO-TO-BAC removes the desire for tobacco, without nervous distress, expels nicotine, purifies the blood, restores lost manhood, makes you strong in health, nerve and pocket-book. 1,500,000 boxes sold, 400,000 cases cured. Buy NO-TO-BAC from your own druggist, who will vouch for us. Take it with a will, patiently, persistently. One box, $1, usually cures; 3 boxes, $2.50, guaranteed to cure, or we refund money. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal, New York.

"PROTECTION" SOAP.—What is it?—ASK YOUR DRUGGIST OR BARBER. | WILLARD CHEMICAL CO., MALDEN, MASS.
A GERMICIDE FOR MEN AND WOMEN. AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR PILES, ECZEMA AND ALL SKIN TROUBLES. SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

VAN BIBBER CIGARETTES OR LITTLE CIGARS.
ALL IMPORTED TOBACCO.
HIGHEST IN PRICE, FINEST IN QUALITY.
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Trial Package in Pouch by mail for **25c.**
H. ELLIS & CO., Baltimore, Md.
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor

The little daughter of the Presbyterian divine had got her first instruction in the use of genders in grammar the day before. So when she was asked, "Now, what are the three genders?' she instantly replied, "Justification, sanctification and adoration."—*New York Evening Sun.*

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STEEL PENS,

The Best Pens Made.
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OTHER STYLES IN GREAT VARIETY.
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Champagne
For Sale by
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BICYCLES
at a list price of $60
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Easy and Secure.
Extra Super Webs.
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CUSHION BUTTON
— CLASP —
Lies flat to the leg.
Cannot Unfasten Accidentally.
SOLD EVERYWHERE
Sample pair By Mail Silk 50c Cott. 25c
P.O. BOX 1604
GEORGE FROST CO., BOSTON, MASS.

SURBRUG'S
GOLDEN SCEPTRE
The man's smoke that women like, for it smells good.

'ARRY (*whose "old Dutch" has been shopping and has kept him waiting a considerable time*)—"W'ot d'yer mean, keepin' me standin' abaat 'ere like a bloomin' fool?"
'ARRIET—"*I* can't 'elp the way yer stand, 'Arry."
—*Punch.*

It rests with you whether you continue the nerve-killing tobacco habit. NO-TO-BAC removes the desire for tobacco, without nervous distress, expels nicotine, purifies the blood, restores lost manhood, makes you strong in health, nerve and pocket-book. 1,500,000 boxes sold. 400,000 cases cured. Buy NO-TO-BAC from your own druggist, who will vouch for us. Take it with a will, patiently, persistently. One box, $1, usually cures; 3 boxes, $2.50, guaranteed to cure, or we refund money.
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VIOLETS
The real, the Aristocratic Perfume for the breath. Contains pepsin. Stimulates digestion. 5 cents a package. At all druggists or by sending stamps to

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The Merit
of absolute PURITY, fine BOUQUET and moderate PRICE has brought
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to the first place in American Champagnes and enabled it to displace the high-priced foreign wines in many homes, clubs and cafés.
The vintage offered this season is especially dry and pleasing.
Pleasant Valley Wine Co.,
SOLE MAKERS,
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SOLD BY
H. B. KIRK & CO., N. Y.
S. S. PIERCE CO., Boston.

"While, generally speaking," said the Cumminsville sage, "a man is known by his friends yet if they come to know him too well they will know him no longer."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*

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(Trade-Mark)

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Patent Collar and Cuff Button.
IN GOLD, SILVER, and BEST ROLLED GOLD PLATE.
None genuine except with the name "BENEDICT" and date of patent stamped upon it!
Strong, durable, and can be adjusted with perfect ease.
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Catalogue free.

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"I won't!" she cried. "How hasty!"
Was his expostulation.
"I will not, then!" cried she at once
With more deliberation.
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If you want a strictly pure champagne that is extra dry get *Cook's Imperial.* Naturally fermented.

The good die young. Every man heaves a great sigh of relief when he reaches his thirtieth year.—*West Union Gazette.*

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ARRESTS DECAY OF THE TEETH

and prevents their loss. It also cleans them without injury, strengthens the gums, perfumes the breath and imparts a most refreshing sensation.

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"When you have been out with the boys the night before and get up with a sick headache, etc., it is because you have been drinking an *acid* wine, which inflamed the lining of your stomach.

These acid wines are made of unripe grapes, and would have no body nor flavor without an addition of *brandy*, which drives the blood to your head and swells the blood-vessels of the brain.

You will avoid all these disorders, and many more, by drinking the **Montebello Champagne**, grown on the oldest and finest vineyards of France, where the grapes always ripen thoroughly and produce a wine with a delicious flavor and body, without addition of alcohol of any kind. It is the *driest* in the market, as the *brut* contains no sweetening, and the *extra dry* much less than other acid wines, which require more sugar to cover their excessive acidity.

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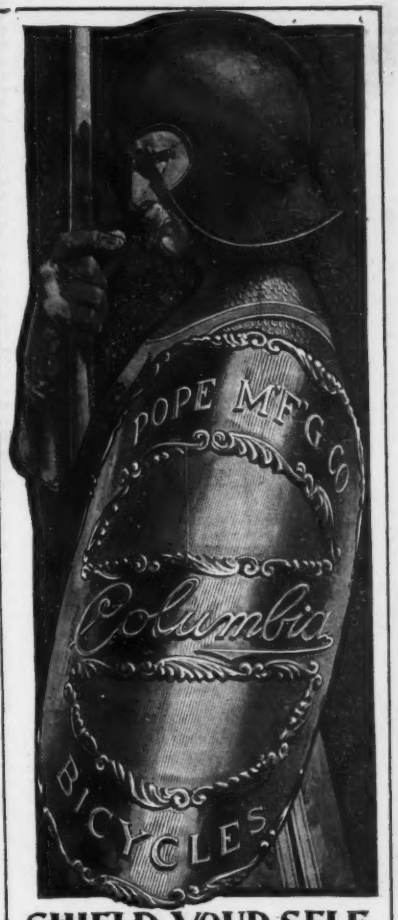

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IN MEN, WOMEN OR CHILDREN
Beecham's Pills are
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25c. at all Drug Stores.

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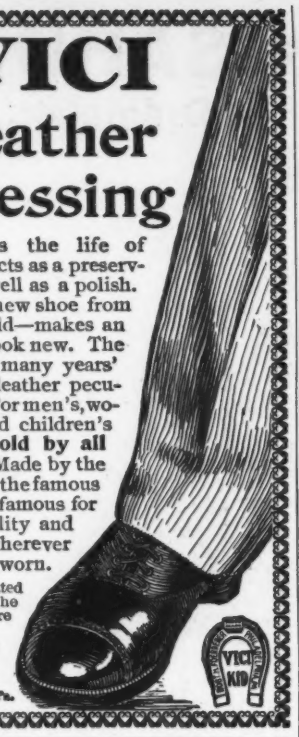

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An illustrated book about the wear and care of shoes mailed free.

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Correct Solution of "Judge's" Puzzle Contest No. 11.

1 Porter,
2 Foote,
3 Hull,
4 Winslow,
5 Truxton,
6 Barron,
7 Dale,
8 Shubrick,
9 Manly,
10 Reid,
11 Puritan,
12 Columbia,
13 Wyandotte,
14 Montauk,
15 Terror,
16 Catskill,
17 Marblehead,
18 Newark,
19 Jason,
20 Lehigh,
21 As You Like It,
22 Love's Labor 's Lost,
23 King Lear,
24 Cymbeline,
25 Much Ado About Nothing,
26 Midsummer-night's Dream,
27 Comedy of Errors,
28 The Tempest,
29 Measure for Measure,
30 Hamlet,
31 Sol,
32 Bolivar,
33 Mark,
34 Crown,
35 Half Imperial,
36 Dollar,
37 Florin,
38 Franc,
39 Peso,
40 Pound.

The names of the prize-winners will appear in next week's JUDGE.

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Warranted a Pure Tonical Stimulant.

The Best Whiskey in America.

Sold at all First-class Cafes and by Jobbers.
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Embroidered Robes.

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HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER

Use it, and they will never say, "How old she looks; her hair is turning gray!" It removes dandruff and prevents baldness.

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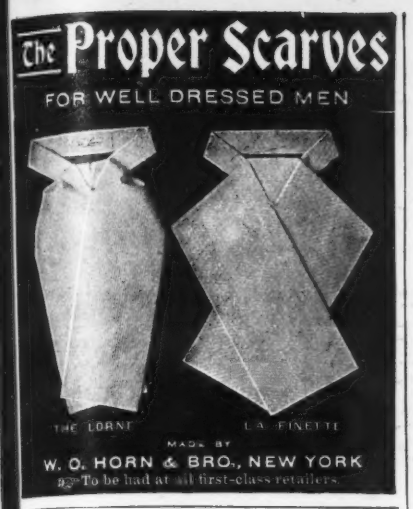

"What is the best laundry soap in the world?" "Dobbins's Electric, of course. Everybody knows that." "What is its price?" "Just reduced to 8 cents a bar, or two bars for 15 cents." "Then I'll use no other."

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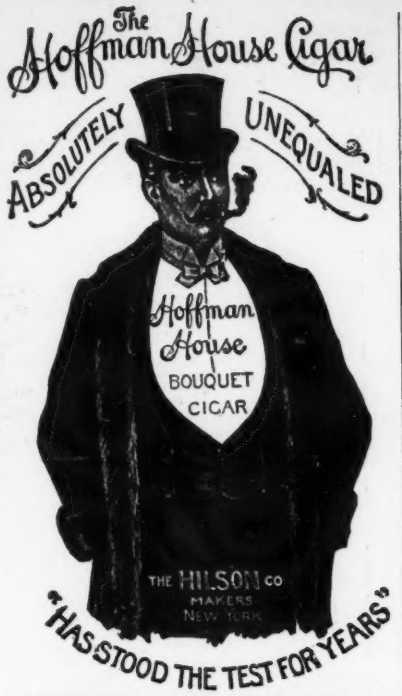

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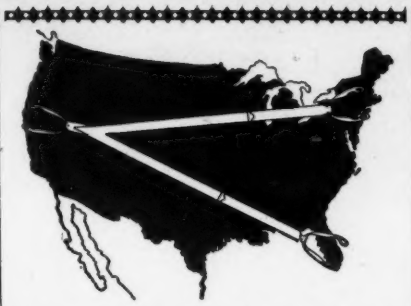

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Endwell Braces
are attaching gentlemen to their trousers, with elegance and ease.

NON-ELASTIC, YET PERFECTLY ELASTIC.

A Paradox? Just investigate the "graduated" cord ends.

Ask your furnisher for the "Endwell," or send 50c. for a sample pair postpaid. Cheaper model, the "C.-S.-C." for 25c. Scarf fastener free, for your furnisher's name if he does not keep "Endwell Braces."
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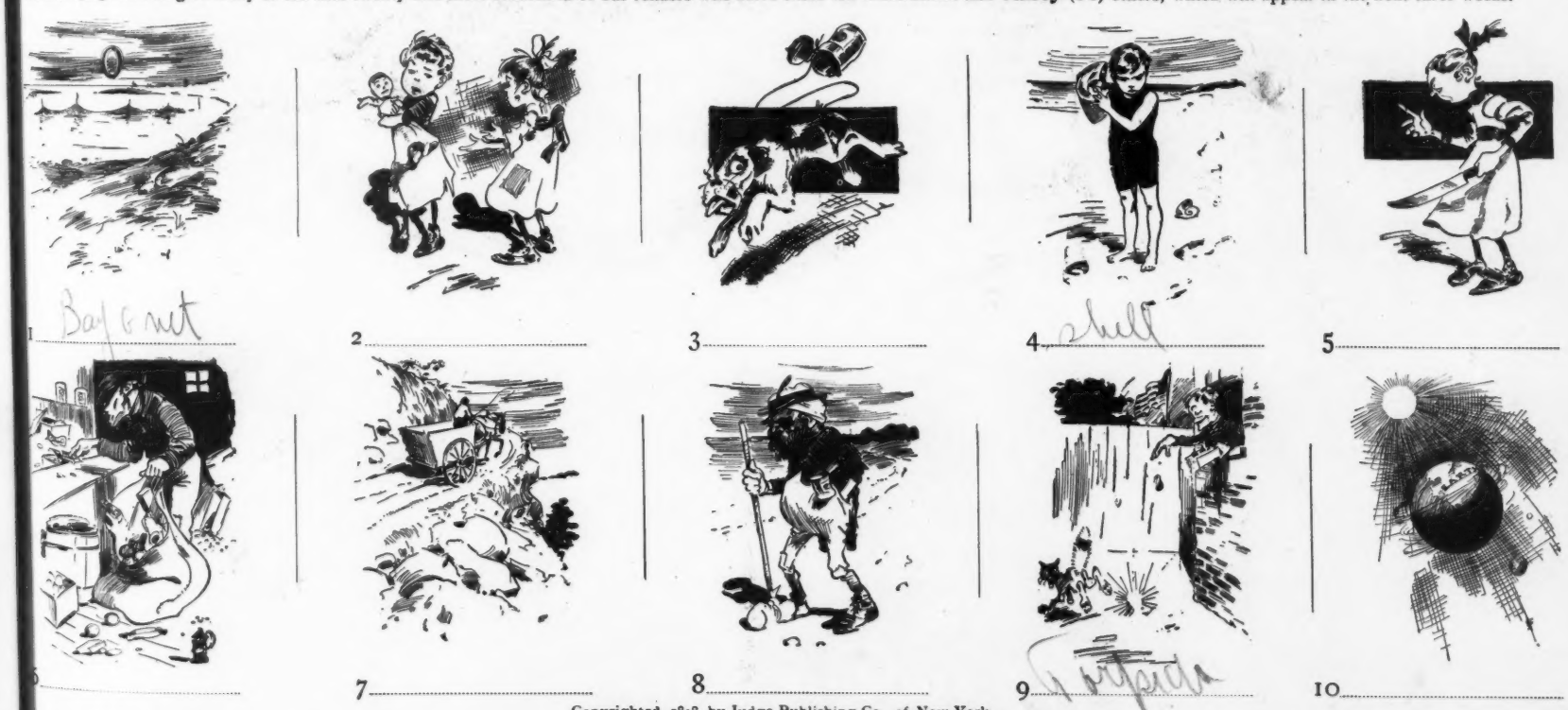
$1,000.00 will be given to the contestant in JUDGE'S prize-puzzle competitions who is the first to solve correctly every one of the puzzles in three successive contests.

13th CONTEST SERIES I.

Judge's Puzzle Pictures. $250.00 IN PRIZES.

1st Prize..$100.00	5th Prize.$10.00	9th Prize.. $5.00	13th Prize .. $5.00	17th Prize ..$5.00	A TOTAL OF $250.00 TO BE DIVIDED AMONG 20 PEOPLE.
2d Prize.. 25.00	6th Prize.. 10.00	10th Prize.. 5.00	14th Prize .. 5.00	18th Prize .. 5.00	
3d Prize.. 20.00	7th Prize.. 5.00	11th Prize.. 5.00	15th Prize .. 5.00	19th Prize .. 5.00	
4th Prize.. 15.00	8th Prize.. 5.00	12th Prize.. 5.00	16th Prize .. 5.00	20th Prize .. 5.00	

Here are ten pictures. Each one represents the name of **an Implement of War.** You will see that No. 1 is **Bayonet,** and you will also see from this how to work out the others. We have **$250.00** to give away to the first twenty and most successful of our readers who solve these ten illustrations and **Thirty (30)** others, which will appear in the next three weeks.



1 Bayonet 2 ..... 3 ..... 4 shell 5 .....

6 ..... 7 ..... 8 ..... 9 Torpedo 10 .....

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READ THESE DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY. Write the solution underneath each picture, cut out sheet **(holding it until the fourth and last series of puzzles is published in JUDGE No. 867)**, and write your name and address plainly on the bottom thereof; **then mail all four sheets, pinned together in the upper left-hand corner,** to the "JUDGE PRIZE-PUZZLE DEPT., 110 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK," in time to reach this office not later than one week from date of JUDGE No. 867. All solutions arriving later will be disqualified. You can send in as many answers as you please, providing you use a separate JUDGE puzzle sheet each time—no more than one solution of each picture is allowed on any one sheet. It is not necessary to send a second set of solutions to the whole forty puzzles in order to change your answer to any one or more of the puzzles; in other words, if in your opinion one or more of the pictures will bear different constructions, and you desire to submit each of these constructions as a part of your complete set of solutions, you can do so by using another sheet containing the particular picture or pictures in question. Thus sending two copies, say, of that sheet and one of each of the remaining sheets comprising the whole series, *all pinned together in the upper left-hand corner, as required above.* Be sure that you fully prepay postage in sending in solutions. The date of *mailing* your answers and not that of our *receiving* them is considered in governing the question of priority; the post-office mailing or dating-stamp on the envelope determining this point.

Note that the special mailing time restriction is revived herewith, and that Saturday, May 21st, at 6 P. M. is made the earliest day and hour with which solutions in this contest will be credited.

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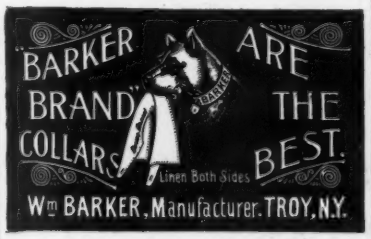

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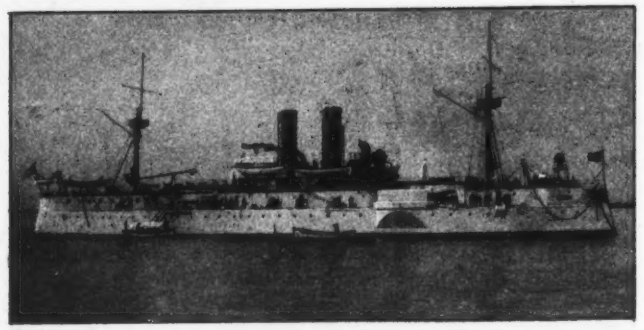
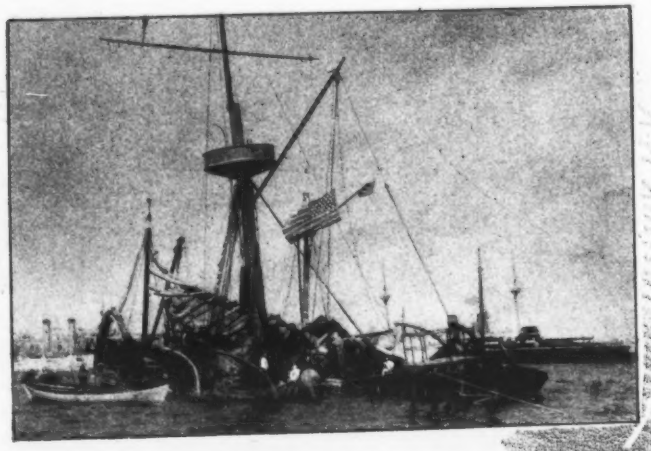


THE "MAINE" AS IT WAS.



THE "MAINE" AS IT IS.

THE STARVING CUBANS. (*From photographs.*)

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VICTOR GILLAM

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REMEMBER THE MAINE!
AND DON'T FORGET THE STARVING CUBANS!